

Where Dogs and Cats Are Buried

The Hartdale Canine Cemetery—Fine Funerals for Some Family Pets



A MOURNER.

Midway between Scarsdale and White Plains, in the heart of the tombstone belt of quiet Westchester county—where many a pet dog and cat has found its last resting place—is the Hartdale Canine Cemetery. It is a plot of about eleven acres in which dogs and cats may be interred with fitting ceremonies, with a place for pet monkeys and parrots as a side issue.

"The mutt orchard"—as the cemetery is called by unfeeling natives—with its flower-decked graves, marble or granite tombstones, and Kite Wilson, the "sexton" pottering around with spade and sprinkler, impresses one at first glance as but another of the many cemeteries of which the region boasts, but a closer inspection of the inscriptions on tombstones discloses the fact that "here lies" Tootsie, the beloved friend and companion of Gladys; and that some young suffering husband was stung for the best part of \$100 before Tootsie was properly planted.

The dog cemetery was opened a few years ago by Dr. Samuel R. Johnson, a veterinarian who runs a dog and cat hospital in West Twenty-fifth street, Manhattan. Dr. Johnson insists fervently, however, that the burying ground has no connection with his hospital.

The cemetery is on the crest of a hill a mile or more back of the Hartdale station. Just now it is all abloom with white dogwood. Pussy willows are moulting over near the cat section, and here, too, the cat-tails of yesteryear are turning green once more while the spring breezes rattle them against a wooden affair that suggests a back fence.

"The scheme got started," said Jabe

Secord, who hauls the late lamented Fidoes from the station to the cemetery, "by a widdler up here who first got the habit by planting three huskies. Then when things were growing dull with her a faint cat of her own and cracked, an' jest to keep her mind in she give it a swell funeral."

"That's when I learned the undertaker's business—when Fuzz, the cat, died. I don't want to boost my own game, but I will say that no long tailed cat feller back in the city could have planted that faint cat neater than I did. Fuzz looked pretty much in the second day after she died, but as I wasn't takin' no chances, I put a rock like a mill wheel over her grave, and so for I know she never come back."

Jabe is of the opinion that his undertaking abilities came to the ears of the veterinary and that the present enterprise is the result. However that may be, soon after Jabe started Fuzz toward the happy hunting grounds Dr. Johnson got hold of the ground in which Fuzz reposed, fenced it in and marked off the plots. Then Kite Wilson was engaged as first grave digger and keeper of the dogwood and pussy willows, and Hartdale was ready for business.

For a long time the industry lagged, but as heartbroken ladies began to hear of this place where Towser could rest in peace, there began to arrive at the station small boxes of "perishable goods" addressed to Kite. From the same trains that brought the boxes came fearful women who gave every evidence that a great sorrow had come into their lives.

Up to this time Jabe Secord had been content merely with sorting mail in the

post office, selling and hauling coal, driving the station hack, talking politics and reading the papers, but now he began to look after the funeral parties. He changed the yellow body of his hack to a proper black, and after much effort his coal wagon blossomed out in gleaming white to carry the diminutive rough boxes to the cemetery. Then he got a frock coat, cat princess, and when he had made \$2 on four funerals he bought a glistering stovepipe hat. Also he gave up smoking.

Business began to pick up, much to the delight of Jabe, who says he gets "50 cents per plant," and to the profit of Dr. Johnson, who charges \$15 for burying small dogs and \$25 for larger ones. In the dog and cat hospital in West Twenty-fifth street are tiers of white boxes about three feet long lined with zinc, in which Towser is placed and hermetically sealed by a neighboring plumber. If the deceased is too large for one of these a special box is made, which runs the price of the obsequies up.

"Often persons spend \$70 to \$80, however," said the doctor, "for trappings of various kinds, in addition to my charges. Several have had undertakers come to the hospital to lay out their pets in satin lined baby caskets. Only last week a woman telephoned over here from Philadelphia to ask about our cemetery. She brought the body of a cocker spaniel here in a cab later in the day, engaged an undertaker from Sixth avenue and spent the best part of three days in town before the dog was buried."

"Recently a man had us dig up the body of a dog of his that had been buried a year ago in The Bronx, seal it up and reinter it at Hartdale."

From sporadic funerals the first year or two the business prospered until now the interments number fifteen or twenty a month and impressive tombstones, numbering up in the hundreds, dot the hillside. Wraths of immortal wax and calico panels lie on the graves, and "about this time of the year," as the almanacs say, the mourners begin to renew their visits to the graves. Some women pride themselves on the fact that their grief is strong enough to bring them up to Hartdale, even in the middle of winter; others send their servants up now and then to look after the graves; but it is principally at this time that the sorrow-

ing ones begin to arrive to have a good cheerful cry.

The tombstones are impressive. One of the most elaborate in the cemetery holds down "Mignon, Dearest and Best Beloved Friend of Ada Van Tassel Billington." According to the inscription on the large granite stone, Mignon died on September 27, 1930. She now sports a zinc pipe railing around her "bed," as the graves are called by Kite Wilson, the sexton. The railing is evidently a product of the studio of the plumber that seals the dog coffins.

The white marble stone that marks the grave of "Babe," just beyond, however, showed that here the sculptor spread himself because he loved his art. Babe himself stands out from the marble in high relief, and one learns from the artist's statue of the dog that Babe suffered from enlargement of the neck. With the exception of a marble four-in-hand tie Babe is unadorned. He was 10 years old when called away.

Nettie and Tuffy were evidently sea dogs in life as their grave is decorated with sea shells, and a large cone bears the sad news that they were Faithful Friends and loving hands. On the grave of "Babe," perhaps intended by the sculptor to represent a frankfurter sandwich. "Muddle" went out from an acute attack of the pip or something equally fatal at the care free age of 14 years, deeply lamented by all who knew his kind and loving nature. "Scrap" died with his boots on away back in 1902, and, if his headstone tells the truth about him, his grave deserves more care than it is getting.

"A. R. De Voe" or "Sydney"—both are mentioned at the top of the stone—were "Born a Dog, Lived Like a Gentleman, Died Beloved." A picture of a collie shows the late lamented gazing soulfully into the whitherward. On the grave of "Baby" loving hands have placed bunches of tin flowers of no particular kind and a black bordered card says that Baby is "Not Dead But Sleeping." Jabe Secord insists, however, that Baby is dead.

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but he gives a touch of simplicity in one inscription by writing simply "In loving memory of Winkles, a little pug dog who died January 7, 1935 for seventeen years a faithful friend and constant companion he will never be forgotten by his sorrowing mistress Annie E. Proudman." One grave is marked merely "Mrs. Fogel."

Over along the back fence arrangement where the cats are lying one notices that the graves are covered with heavy stones in most cases, and that where they are not so covered the graves have a sunken, empty look. One of the cat graves inscribed "Gyp" these figures, no doubt to be filled in later with the dates of Gyp's six other deaths that are to come. Near by is the lonely grave of "our pet cat Smutty, 1886, 1901." Smutty's reasonably long life was due to the fact that she always retired about 10 o'clock except on extraordinary occasions.

Bowed over an unmarked grave near the west end of the cattery was a wide woman in black who unburend her grief to the visitor.

"This is where my little Angora lies," said the sorrowing lady, as she removed her glasses to wipe away the weeping tears. "We called her 'Mamie Taylor,' a name given pussy by my husband in honor of a dear friend of his, he said, whom he had met in Chicago. We might have had Mamie with us to-day if I had not taken her flannels off too early last month, and I shall never forgive myself—never, never!"

It was some time before the grief stricken woman could collect herself to continue: "Mamie Taylor was suffering, I could see, and so I sent my husband out hurriedly about midnight for Dr. James. In the meantime I placed Mamie in a basket on the kitchen table, with sheets of flypaper all around the basket for fear that even at this time the flies might bother the dear. When Dr. James came he shook his head

sadly, and calling me out to the dining-room so that Mamie might not overhear, he told me that pussy was seriously ill with catarrh of the stomach and that there was, alas, no hope.

"The doctor had hardly left the house when I saw the end was approaching. My elder sister, who is unmarried and lives in Williamsburg, was hastily summoned, and just as she entered the room Mamie rolled out on the flypaper and expired." "To give you an idea of how popular Mamie was in the neighborhood, I need only tell you that when some young men, perfect strangers to me, whose rooms are right over the fence at the rear of our yard, heard of Mamie Taylor's death, they sent word over that if they could be of any assistance in burying Mamie they would be only too glad to offer their services. One of them even offered to take the body out here for burial, when they heard I was too unstrung to come myself to stand the journey. I sent my husband out here with the body, however, and he got back in such a short time that I blame myself for not having come also.

"With the exception of the stick marking the grave you would never know that my husband had buried Mamie here, would you? My sister and I intend very soon to erect a suitable granite stone over the grave, on which we are going to have a little verse inscribed which my sister, who writes poetry, composed. I carry a copy of the poem in this pocket with a lock of Mamie's hair. Here it is:

"Mamie lies here:
Beneath this grassy hummock,
She died on our kitchen table
Of acute catarrh of the stomach."
Jabe Secord looked gloomily ahead during the drive back to the station. "They're heartbreakers," rights up there every day," he said, "and for a while I thought I couldn't stand 'em. But some gradually gets used to their things in our profession. It's a sad world."

IS THIS THE COMING FIGHTER?

Good Points About the Automaton—Bad Points Also.

A man who lives up in New Britain in the State where the wooden nutmegs hail from has invented a life size mechanical boxer which he says is "practical as well as a curiosity." It will make all the motions of a real boxer of flesh and blood and has the advantage over him in that being a machine it will never tire.

"It is operated by means of a pivot on a platform with the necessary mechanical appliances. It always faces the man who tries conclusions with it as its weight on the platform causes it to do so."

"It is a little more than six feet tall. It will follow an opponent around the ring, land head and body blows, feint, duck, and in fact has all the tactics of a ring general. It can be made to strike either heavily or lightly, according to the courage of the opponent who goes up against it."

The inventor adds that it can be made to punch so hard and fast that it could knock out Jim Jeffries, and he will ask Jeffries to face his automaton, whomever.

It may be that the automaton fighter is the thing the pugilistic world has long been waiting for. Here is a fighter who will not go back when he cuts a dash along Broadway and squanders his share of the championship purse.

He will always be fit, and no matter whether he sits in one of the gilded resorts on a Thursday evening smoking cigarettes and buying wine with the generosity of a Tom Sharkey he can be up fine and dandy the next morning and ready to fight the battle of his life. His keep will cost almost nothing.

Here is the true fighter "with nerves of steel and the light, springy step of one whose every muscle is a watch spring." "He watched his opponent with the fixity of an automaton," one of the old familiar phrases of the sporting writer, can then come true.

But that is by no means the limit. Take a local fight club. Imagine the scene. Two of these automata that have the reputation of being terrific with their mitts are to meet. No matter if the police do break in and arrest the first pair to go on, it will be easy to supply other fighters.

Amid uproarious cheers the fighters clamber through the ropes. They toss aside their bathrobes, and it can be seen at a glance that they are in the pink of condition. The announcer turns toward the audience.

"Fellow members, it gives me great pleasure to announce the start of the evening, between Automatic Mike Schreck of Chicago in this corner and Spontaneous Marvin Hart of Louisville in this corner, both members of this club."

While the fighters were waiting in their corners all the would be champions of the

automatic world clamber through the ropes and are introduced to the crowd. Joe Grim, the man with the Iron Jaw, is the only flesh and blood fighter left in the game.

He makes his usual speech, with appropriate variations. "Gentlemen, I have fought all des men, Jimma da Jeff, Bob Fitzsim da bigga da Cornish, all dessa person. I get da dechish over Automatic Gentleman Jeem. Fighta anybod' een da profesh. Joesa da Greenna, no one can knocka me out."

When the terrific lie is over and the decision a draw, the fighters return to their dressing rooms. Each gives out a statement, which reads:

"I was robbed. I had him going all the way, and except that the alleged referee was a soft headed muck that was bought up by the other side I would have won in a gallop. There is too much of this favorite son business in this town for me."

Yes, it does seem as if the automaton fighter might fill a long felt want. But wait a moment. Would it not be able to imitate human fighters in other matters besides mere fighting?

Your machine boxer is off his feed, say, despite the fact that he announced to the reporters: "I never felt better in my life. I'll win in one punch. The other fellow's a dub."

A mechanic comes around to mend the interior apparatus of the boxer. He is a traitor in the employ of the opposition. Craftily he works several screws loose inside the battling machine.

At the third or fourth punch in the fight the reporters get out their notebooks, and write: "Before the round was over Automatic Mike Schreck seemed to go all to pieces. It was easy going for his opponent from that point on."

HAD THE COURT WITH HIM.

The Late Judge Van Drunt's Advice to a Young Lawyer.

The anecdote of the late Justice Charles R. Van Drunt in last Sunday's Sun recalls another incident illustrating his kindness of heart and roughness of tongue.

A young lawyer was arguing a motion before him which was rather beyond his powers and was being unmercifully pounded and ridiculed by his opponent, an old and experienced practitioner. After a few minutes of this, Judge Van Drunt himself took up the argument on the young lawyer's side and proceeded to give the older man a full dose of his own medicine.

The younger man, delighted and encouraged, attempted to put in a word or two of his own as the Judge went on. The latter almost shouted at him: "Keep still, sir. I am arguing this motion on your side and may win, but if you blunder into it, the Court will be sure to decide against us."

The lawyer kept still.

Being Accurate.
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.
"He has a large family."
"Why, he hasn't anything but a wife."
"I know, but she weighs 300 pounds."

RUBBER HEELS FOR TENANTS.

One Landlord's Way of Keeping His House Full and Noiseless.

There is at least one landlord in Harlem who has solved the problem of keeping his house full of quiet tenants who will not complain of the noise overhead. His method was discovered quite by accident when a new tenant applied for a lease on the string of rooms known as a flat in this particular building.

All the necessary formalities about references, finances, &c., had been satisfactorily gone through with, when the new tenant observed an extra clause typed in the printed form of lease.

"What's that for?" he inquired. "Read it and see," answered the landlord. "That is for your protection as well as for that of the tenants under you. It explains itself—merely an obligation on your part to wear rubber heels on all your shoes, and requiring every member of your family to do likewise. Oh—never mind the expense—the lease, you will observe, requires me to furnish you with the heels, so it costs you nothing."

The tenant read the following clause pointed out in the lease by the landlord: "And it is hereby further agreed that the said party of the second part (the tenant) obligates himself and the members of his family to wear and use only shoes equipped with rubber heels; and the said party of the first part (the landlord) hereby agrees to pay the expense of fitting rubber heels to all shoes regularly worn by the tenant and the members of his family, provided that such heels shall be fitted only at a shop to be designated by the party of the first part."

The prospective tenant could only articulate: "But suppose I refuse to wear rubber heels?"

"In that case, we will have no difficulty in finding some one else who will," answered the landlord. "This clause is my own idea and is inserted to guard against noise from the flat above—an evil which you must admit is one of the greatest annoyances of life in a flat in New York."

"People who wear rubber heels walk noiselessly," the landlord said, "and you find many physicians who advocate them for ordinary walking, on the score of the noise shocks which are avoided by their use."

"I have made an arrangement with a shoemaker near my building, who fits all the shoes of my tenants with rubber heels at a reduced rate, and I pay the bills. It costs me something like \$5 a month—but for that I get about fifteen pairs of rubber heels put on, and when they wear out, I am willing to pay for new ones."

"The best possible proof of the practical utility of my scheme is that my flats are always rented, and the particular one that you are asking about is the only vacant flat in my building. However, if you don't want to wear rubber heels, say no more, for I have had three other inquiries to-day about the flat, and I have no doubt but I will rent it to-morrow night."

"Say no more," responded the prospective tenant, "I have never worn rubber heels before, but I am willing to try them. The people in the flat below me may have been worried by the noise I made, quite as

much as the people up above have been worried by their infernal racket. By all means let us have a law passed compelling every one who lives in a flat to wear rubber heels. The next thing will be rubber soled pianos—but I guess that dream will never come true."

UMBRELLAS AT 35 PER.

The Weather Sometimes Fools the Peddler but He Doesn't Complain.

"As a rule," said the umbrella vender, "I have no kick coming. It's a cinch to sell my celebrated fast color waterproof umbrellas at 35 cents apiece, with a wide choice in the handles, to people going home caught in a heavy rain, and there's a lot of people here to sell 'em to, and when the conditions are right I get rid of a big bunch of 'em; but sometimes I do get a little wretch."

"I'm a good judge of the weather, and I don't often go wrong; but I do sometimes, like I did, for instance, yesterday."

"Raining like Niagara before they turned the water off for the power houses when I started out, but clearing up and stopping raining altogether just when the crowds were going home. When it hits one like that, why, of course, I don't sell a parachute; not one. I have to pack the whole big bundle home with me on the back."

I've got no kick coming, for all that. I sell 'em a lot of shelters when it does rain, and I don't expect it to rain all the time."

Bulacan Funerals and Marriages.

From the Youth's Companion.

The occurrence of a death in a Filipino family in Bulacan is the signal for an immediate celebration. "Our brother has gone to a happy land, and we must rejoice," they say. Relatives and friends are invited to come, and an orchestra is summoned. Then the dancing and feasting begin, and continue until the time of the funeral, which in this climate follows within twenty-four hours.

Those who have the means buy a black cloth-covered casket, ornamented with garlands and bows of bright blue ribbon. The poor rent the "town coffin," a plain tin box, evidently designed for those of medium stature, for a year or two ago, in a funeral procession in Bulacan, the signal for an immediate celebration. "Our brother has gone to a happy land, and we must rejoice," they say. Relatives and friends are invited to come, and an orchestra is summoned. Then the dancing and feasting begin, and continue until the time of the funeral, which in this climate follows within twenty-four hours.

Thursday is the favorite day for weddings in Bulacan, as it is bargain day in the marriage market. On Thursday the priest marries many couples at a time, and consequently at less expense to each couple. Four o'clock in the morning is the favorite hour for the ceremony of the newly married pair return to the bride's home, where dancing and feasting ensue till sundown.

A bride to whose wedding feast some American were invited, and a romantic prelude to her nuptials. The parents of the bride were strenuously opposed to the match, and the bridegroom was to be kept in the bridegroom to labor of any sort. So Anastasia was sent up into the mountains to visit some relatives, and traces of her whereabouts were carefully concealed from Felicidad, the bridegroom-elect.

Following the ceremony the newly married pair return to the bride's home, where dancing and feasting ensue till sundown. A bride to whose wedding feast some American were invited, and a romantic prelude to her nuptials. The parents of the bride were strenuously opposed to the match, and the bridegroom was to be kept in the bridegroom to labor of any sort. So Anastasia was sent up into the mountains to visit some relatives, and traces of her whereabouts were carefully concealed from Felicidad, the bridegroom-elect. Following the ceremony the newly married pair return to the bride's home, where dancing and feasting ensue till sundown. A bride to whose wedding feast some American were invited, and a romantic prelude to her nuptials. The parents of the bride were strenuously opposed to the match, and the bridegroom was to be kept in the bridegroom to labor of any sort. So Anastasia was sent up into the mountains to visit some relatives, and traces of her whereabouts were carefully concealed from Felicidad, the bridegroom-elect. The following Thursday, in company with fifteen other happy couples, they were married.

COGSWELL FOUNTAIN'S FATE.

One Disaster at Which San Francisco Grins and Bears Up Bravely.

This head of the benevolent gentleman in the pile of ruins is thought to be the last of the Cogswell fountains in San Francisco. After all, San Francisco people think, there are some bright spots in this unparalleled calamity.

The Cogswell who gave these fountains to San Francisco also added to the municipal perplexities of Brooklyn. To the city

at the square formed by the junction of Market, Battery and Sutter streets. There for many years it confronted all the Oakland and Alameda commuters as they came into town from the ferries. Even the birds refused to light on it.

One night members of that merry and lively circle which founded the Zerk detour, decided to strike a blow for the municipal improvement of San Francisco. They held a meeting, bought a rope and started in to lynch a statue. The rest of the crowd picked the neighborhood, while Gelett



of the Golden Gate he gave three, each one bearing his effigy and legends recommending temperance. One of them was somehow lost in the shuffle by the municipality. It was found three years ago in the municipal stone heap and the Cogswell heirs sent some acrid letters to the city asking why the gift had been slighted in that manner. No one knows what the duly constituted authorities answered, but the fountain stayed in the scrap heap.

The worst of the three, however, stood

PEARL NECKLACE FROM THAMES.

Lost for Year, Recovered by Workman Who Didn't Know Its Value.

From the London Tribune.

A valuable pearl necklace lost in the Thames over a year ago by a lady of title has just been recovered by its owner. Some months ago a jienkey-on-Thames workman walking by the side of the river near Shipplake Ferry saw something glistening in the water, and getting the object out he found that it was a pearl necklace. Thinking the gems, however, were only imitation, he casually carried the necklace home in his pocket and gave it to his wife.

She occasionally wore it, but never dreamed

of its real value until some little time ago, when she broke the clasp and took it to a local jeweller to be repaired. The jeweller at once saw that the pearls were valuable, and not satisfied with the woman's story he sent for the police. The pearls were handed over to the custody of the police, and in due course were advertised by them as found.

A day or two ago the necklace was identified and claimed by a lady well known in fashionable circles, who had dropped it into the river while staying at a Thameside mansion near Henley.

The pearls are valued at \$50 or \$55, and the man who found them has received a check for \$25.

CALLED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Late Sleeper Awakened Just in Time to Catch His Train.

"It took me several months to get used to the spasmodic quivers or small earthquake shocks so frequent in California," said a travelling man, who, like so many others, mourns for the beautiful San Francisco that was. "In the early part of December, 1904, I was visiting San Francisco for the first time, and the first earthquake shock after my arrival proved a pretty severe jolt along about 1 A. M. Four days later I enjoyed the novel experience of being called by an earthquake."

"I had a very important engagement in San José, fifty miles to the south, and there was a train leaving precisely at 8 A. M. by the Coast line from the station at Third and Townsend streets. This train reached San José shortly before 10 o'clock."

"My appointment, very important for me, was at 11. There was only one morning train to San José, and it was absolutely necessary for me to catch that 8 o'clock train, yet I relied upon my habit of always getting awake early, and so did not leave a call with the hotel clerk."

"Of course I overslept. At 7:22 on that morning the date was December 15, 1904, and the quake of that morning was easily verified—I was fast asleep in my bed in the St. Francis. At 7:24 there came a distinct and very pronounced jolt, which rattled the glassware, rattled the furniture, and gave my bed such a severe shock that I jumped up expecting another and more severe shock immediately. I was not, however, alarmed by the earthquake, strong enough to shake things without doing much damage, the earthquake faded away. I waited a minute or so, and then took my watch from under the pillow to see what time it was."

"Great Scott! When I saw the time I forgot all about earthquakes in my anxiety to get dressed quickly and make that train. At 7:31 I was dressed and flying down the hill on Powell street to catch a car. I stopped in a lunch room for a cup of coffee, caught a slow car, which seemed never to hurry, and reached the Townsend street depot at 7:58."

"There was a line at the ticket window, but I rushed ahead of every one, bought my ticket and dashed through the gate just as the 8 o'clock train was pulling out. I had to run to catch the rear car, but fortunately I swung aboard the rear platform, got to San José in time for my appointment and found that the earthquake had done more damage there than we missed in San Francisco, as fifty chimneys had been toppled over."

"That was the first and only time I was ever called by an earthquake, and I believe it is the only incident of the kind ever recorded which can be proved to be absolutely true. If that earthquake had been two minutes later I would have missed my train and a very big business deal in San José."

Wife Beaters in Germany.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Wife beaters," said a Magistrate, "are wisely punished in some German towns."

"The wife beater is not imprisoned. He is compelled to do his work as usual. But his salary is handed over each week to his wife, and he, from Saturday night till Monday morning, is kept in jail."

This punishment usually lasts about ten weeks. One administration of it cures the wife beater as a rule."